With the Diarist's Compliments.

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JOURNAL OF A HOLIDAY

SPENT IN

CANADA

AND THE

UNITED STATES

During the Autumn of

1898.

BANFF—BOW VALLEY.

McCORQUODALE & Co LIMITED
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JOURNAL of a HOLIDAY.

INTRODUCTORY.

ON my return from a very enjoyable holiday spent on the Atlantic and beyond it during the past autumn, I have been urged by many friends to put the record of my journey and experiences in writing, and, at their request, I now endeavour to do so from slight notes taken by the way. My trip was uneventful, so far as excitement went, either by land or sea; and, while to myself the record and remembrance are pleasing, I doubt very much if anyone reading these lines will be equally interested.

Everyone on the other side who spoke of it said that I had come out at the very best season of the year, and that I was likely to have fine weather. This proved to be the case, for taken as a whole I had not much rain, and the weather, with the exception of a day or two, was temperate —neither hot nor cold. Besides this, I was free from the attention of any of those "beasts of prey" which annoy and worry man.

I have great reason to be thankful to a kind over-ruling Providence who brought me scathless and without mishap to the end of a long and interesting journey in comfort and safety.

I would desire also to place on record my sense of indebtedness to the many kind friends, old as well as casual, whom I met on my way, especially to the friends in Montreal, who, on both of my visits to them, were assiduous in planning and helping to carry out schemes for my pleasure and enjoyment.

For these kindnesses I am greatly their debtor, as I told them personally.

It will be observed that in these notes I use the editorial *We*. It must not be inferred from this that I had any travelling companions, as most of the way I travelled alone in one sense; but in case it might be supposed that I hired steamer or train for my exclusive use, I write in the first person plural.

One might imagine that I ought to have imbibed some of the self-importance and go-aheadness of the people among whom I spent the latter part of my time on the American continent, but I doubt I am too old to learn, and I am afraid if I had imbibed these, my old friends at home would not be for recognizing me.

When one travels abroad he sees many new and strange things, some wise and some otherwise, and everything one sees is not worth copying.

J. C.

BRAESIDE.
POLLOKSHIELDS,
XMAS, 1898.

DIARY.

HAVING arranged with the Directors of our Company to have a long holiday this year, things were so planned in the office that leave was granted for three months, and on 10th August we started with "*bon voyage*" from all, both employers and subordinates.

On the afternoon of the date named you might have seen the writer at the Central Station surrounded by a group of friends seeing him off. It is said, "The occasion brings forth the man" (and, no doubt, the woman as well), and we are almost sure that if we had not been outward-bound at that time and place the same group would not have been collected together. The "connection" was nearly all there, and the train bore us away accompanied by hearty wishes for a safe journey, and a pleasant voyage across the ocean.

Liverpool was duly reached after a good run up, and, as the steamer was not to sail before the following day, opportunity was taken to make calls on a few friends.

On Thursday, the 11th, we took a run up and down the elevated railway, and made more calls, and four o'clock found us upon the deck of the good ship "Dominion." What bustle and excitement—confusion

worse confounded! At length, about five the whistle is blown—the bugle is sounded—the ropes are thrown off, and we start on a beautiful afternoon amidst the good-byes and farewells exchanged between those on the steamer and the friends seeing them off.

One could almost imagine they heard the refrain of the old song—

> "The anchor's weighed,
> Farewell—remember me."

And what a commotion—everyone looking after his belongings, and enquiring for the place where he is to pass to-night and several other nights. And now we are fairly off, and the first call is to be Quebec.

We had promised to write home from Queenstown, but as we did not call there, and there is neither post-office nor telegraph connection on board, are compelled to disappoint.

The beautiful weather at the start did not continue long, and on retiring at 10.30 there were signs of a change.

Friday, 12th August—S.S. "DOMINION."

The morning opened dull, and we lost sight of land about 10.30. "Farewell to Old Ireland."

It then commenced to rain, and it rained some hours. There was also more sea, and a little wind on the beam. We had our foresails up, and the vessel pitched a little. Now comes the time for the *mal*

de mer, and a good many of the passengers are obliged to knock under.

Run to noon to-day, 252 miles.

Saturday, 13th August—S.S. "DOMINION."

The morning opened fine, and we had a strong head wind all day. Some excitement caused by the passing of one or two vessels in the distance. Head wind kept up till about midnight, when it appeared to change. Vessel pitched a good deal, but never a roll.

Run to noon to-day, 307 miles.

Sunday, 14th August—S.S. "DOMINION."

Morning opened dull and bleak. Wind N.-W. Sea choppy. Steamer behaved well. In the forenoon we had service in the saloon. Dr. Knox, Birkenhead, read the lesson, and Dr. Potts, Toronto, preached from Proverbs 3, 17.

In the afternoon the weather was dull, and somewhat uncomfortable.

Run to noon to day, 277 miles.

Monday, 15th August—S.S "DOMINION."

Lovely morning. Wind S.-W., but no sun. Had good night's sleep, ten to six, and got up refreshed. There is now no motion of steamer. A good many of the sick have returned to their places, and people are, on the whole, looking more cheerful.

A shout of "Whale on the starboard" created some interest, but one had to believe a good deal—what was seen was

a small spout, and, as it is said "Where there is smoke there is sure to be fire," we had to imagine we saw the whale below the spout.

It rained to-day between two and three o'clock, and at 4.15 we got into a fog, which had a *damping* effect, and the horn was blowing till 7.30, when the fog lifted. We had a most magnificent sunset at 7.45. Everyone forward to have a look at it.

Run to noon to-day, 317 miles.

Tuesday, 16th August—S.S. "DOMINION."

There had been some fog during the night, but the morning is lovely. Nothing of interest passing—"Water, water everywhere."

To-day we sail over a summer sea, and we have often experienced more discomfort crossing from Craigendoran to Kilcreggan. A few of the young people had races and games on deck, and everything was *couleur de rose*. Music in the saloon in the evening.

Run to noon to-day, 336 miles.

Wednesday, 17th August—S.S. "DOMINION."

Dull morning. Between eight and twelve passed a number of icebergs—beautiful objects of white and sea-green crystals, and only requiring the sun, which was behind clouds, to embellish them. They were some distance off, and we could not quite agree as to how far away they were.

At 4.30 to-day had the first sight of land—Newfoundland—on our left, and at five passed Belle Isle. Here we encountered a fog which lasted about an hour, and about seven we entered the straits of the same name.

To-day there were games—cricket, shuffleboard, &c.—on the deck, and we had music in the saloon in the evening.

Run to noon to-day, 332 miles.

Thursday, 18th August—S.S. "DOMINION."

Wind W. A very fine morning. There had been some fog during the night, and the steam whistle kept going a good deal. We are now in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and there is no land to be seen till about two o'clock. At 3.15 we reach Heath Point, and at four o'clock passed the Allan Liner "Sarmatian," homeward-bound.

This afternoon there were games and races on deck, and, as the ice among the passengers is now pretty well melted, everyone was most agreeable.

In the evening we had a concert in the saloon, where there was some very good talent, and a collection was made for the Sailors' Orphanage, Liverpool, which amounted to £12 odds.

We had the Chief Baron of Ireland in the chair, and speeches by the chairman and others were made in praise of the ship and all concerned, from the captain down. Mrs. Hutton distributed the prizes to the

successful competitors in the games and races.

This has been a most delightful day throughout.

Run to noon to-day, 322 miles.

Friday, 19th August—S.S. "DOMINION."

Another very fine morning—the Canadians on board say this is *now Canadian* weather. Our after experience, however, showed that it was not always fine, even in Canada.

We are now skirting the coast of New Brunswick on our port side, and the coast shows a good many scattered houses and small patches of fields. Roman Catholicism seems to be general here from the number of churches, and poverty in consequence. At one o'clock reached Father Point, and we take on the first pilot, who takes charge to Quebec.

Expect to reach Quebec at one o'clock in the morning, where the passengers who go by rail disembark. Had some fog during the night, and reached Quebec at 1.30.

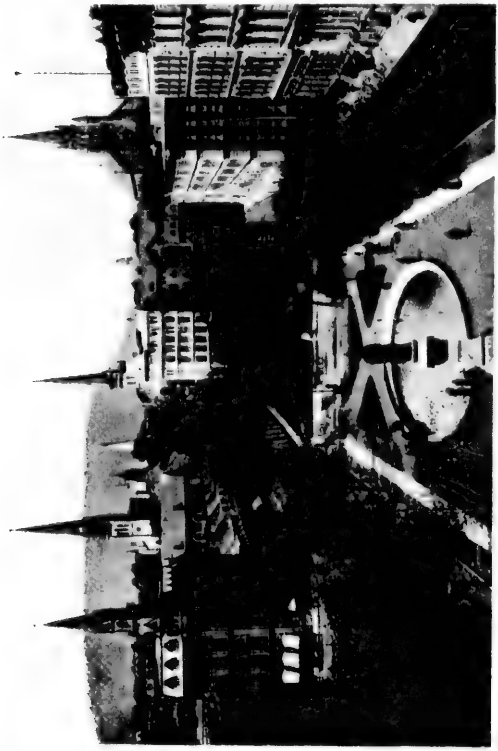
Run to noon to-day, 330 miles.

Still 180 miles to Montreal.

Saturday, 20th August—S.S. "DOMINION."

Another beautiful morning. Got up at 4.30 to bid the disembarking passengers good-bye, but found they had left at 3.30. Changed pilots, and left Quebec at 5.30,

and had a delightful sail up the river. The banks look very "Frenchy"—white houses and small patches of ground round each. The custom seems to be for the French habitant to divide his property



DOMINION SQUARE MONTREAL.

among his family—hence the smallness of the holdings; besides this, the lots have a small river frontage, and run a good way back. Arrived at Montreal 5.30 p.m.

Run to-day, 180 miles.

Mr. and Mrs. M'Farlane waiting at the

wharf for our arrival, and, after a warm welcome, we got cleared by the customs officer and drove off to 601 Sherbrooke Street, which, they said, was to be our home while in their city.

And now a word as to the ship and passengers.

When embarking at Liverpool we were somewhat alarmed at the height of the vessel above the water. She was evidently lightly loaded, and, as she has a high promenade deck and two bridges for the use of the captain and officers, we were quite sure she would roll, and that we might have a disagreeable passage, but never a roll gave she. We had winds from all quarters, and whatever the direction of the wind, it did not seem to affect her. She just plodded steadily on, although she ever and anon had to shake the foam from her prow, and it was quite interesting to watch the motion of the water as she ploughed her way along, and overcame its resistance.

All the passengers (and there were some there of wide experience in such matters) said they never had a more comfortable sail nor a pleasanter ship to travel in.

There was a good promenade deck where one could walk in any weather, as it was covered by the deck above, and lighted by electricity.

And while high praise is due to the ship,

we must not omit to give the same to the officers, from the captain (Captain James) down to the bugle boy who bugled us to our meals. We often say, "Like master like man," and it was true on board this ship.

The captain, doctor, steward, and all concerned did their utmost for the welfare of all, and the vote of thanks passed at the concert on Thursday evening in such felicitous terms was not at all "high falutin'," but was by every one richly merited.

Personally, we enjoyed the sail very much, and it was quite too short. Had a most agreeable companion in the state-room—a Mr. Walker, an official in connection with the Governor-General's office at Ottawa. Had no *mal de mer* nor illness of any kind, and were always ready to respond to the bugle when it gave the call for the first table at each meal. At the table we had every variety of eatables and drinkables suitable for every palate, even the most fastidious.

And then the passengers—it would require a Dickens to do them justice.

We had a great variety of nationalities—Canadian, French, Irish, English, Scotch, American.

We had Commerce in every variety—among others, the buyer going home from his pursuit after bargains in the old world, which bargains he expected to dispose of to great advantage among the denizens

of the new, and from which he hoped to reap a rich harvest.

We had the Right Honourable the Chief Baron of Ireland, who took the chair at the concert in the saloon.

We had Law, represented by the Honourable Charles Russell, who was on his way to help in the negotiations for the race in connection with the America Cup, and who sings a good song; and we had Mr. Taillon, a splendid specimen of a French-Canadian, returning to his duties in Montreal, who seemed to be well known to many of the passengers, and gave creditable assistance at the concert.

We had the Church in various phases—Dr. Potts, Methodist, on his way home to Toronto, a man of light and leading, who preached on Sunday. Mr. Paterson, Presbyterian, also on his way back to Toronto, who always had his joke, which he enjoyed as well as his meal. Dr. John Knox (a good name), an Episcopalian, going from Birkenhead across the ocean for a holiday. And we could see the Roman Catholic, generally with book in hand, which he ever carried, and in which he seemed greatly engrossed; and others whose colours were not so plainly exhibited, but we have no doubt all sections of the church were there.

We had the Medical profession in great variety.

We had the Military—Major-General Hutton on his way to Canada to take up

command of the forces there, and other officers of lesser degree.

And we had the holiday maker—some returning from their visit to the old world, and some starting on their tour in the new—the one section looking back with more or less pleasure on their experiences, and the other looking forward with hopeful anticipations to the future. And then we had some who were always ready to get up games and such like, and who, in any mixed company, are invariably to the fore and always useful.

Some men there were who, if you wanted them, you would find in the smoking-room, but they did not count for much.

Altogether, we had a most interesting lot of passengers, and, if we had been going to found a new colony or to plant a new city in some plain of the far west, we had all the constituents required to make a beginning.

If the poet is right when he says that "The proper study of mankind is man," it would have been enjoyment enough to have sat still and studied them as they went to and fro upon the deck day by day.

On board ship the space is limited, and, consequently, one is obliged to rub shoulders constantly with his neighbour. One sees a good deal to interest and generally to please.

We had a very agreeable lot of passengers at our table—were most

regular in our attendance there, and were all sorry when the time came that we must disperse.

And now we are in Montreal, where we said we arrived on Saturday, the 20th August, at 5.30 p.m.—nine days from port to port.

Had a very warm reception at 601, and were made to feel quite at home.

Sunday, 21st August—MONTREAL.

In the forenoon we went with Mr. M'F. to Olivet Baptist Church, where our late brother James was wont to worship, and in the afternoon to Erskine Presbyterian Church, which is the church Mr. M'F. attends. Both preachers for the day were strangers, and we did not learn who they were.

Olivet Church is a plain building, but the music is a feature—in fact, it is so in all the churches we were in, both in Canada and the States, and sometimes it looks as if the pastor occupied only a subordinate place, and has to wait patiently (?) till the time comes for his part of the service to begin.

This has been a beautiful day. They call it Canadian weather.

Monday, 22nd August—MONTREAL.

The forenoon was spent in the city visiting some of the more important

business places. Had a good view from the tower of the New York Insurance Company's building. Visited Notre Dame, one of the finest Roman Catholic churches in the city, which occupies a prominent site, and whose towers are seen from far and near.

The finest of the buildings in the city belong to the Roman Catholics, and, in fact, all the province is very much under their influence.

In the afternoon went up to Mount Royal and the cemetery, and visited the place where James' remains lie. It is a beautiful place, and all the plots are tastefully kept.

This has been another beautiful day.

Tuesday, 23rd August—MONTREAL.

In the forenoon in the city again. Made a few calls in the afternoon—Rev. Mr. Hill, Mrs. M'Donald, Mrs. Aitken.

In the evening Mr. M'F. had a few friends to meet us, and we had a pleasant time.

This has been a dull day.

Wednesday, 24th August—OTTAWA.

Early this morning, accompanied by Mr. M'F., we left for Ottawa, where we arrived at 12.30. The river here is very wide, and is largely used for power for driving the lumber mills, of which there are several close to the city.

We visited one of the largest, also a paper mill, then went over the Government buildings, which are extensive and imposing.

This seems a busy city, and contains many fine buildings. Coming along by rail, were struck by the number of wooden houses and the poorness of the farms. Great many trees cut down, but saw no rafts on the way down the river.

It had been raining in the morning and the streets were in a fearful state, but that is no rare thing in this country.

Left at six; got home at ten.

This has been a dull day after the rain ceased.

Thursday, 25th August—MONTREAL.

In the forenoon called on Messrs. Currie, Mr. J. Sliman's friends, and then took a drive round the mountain.

Had an invitation from Mr. P. Laing to spend a few days with him and his family at Camp Sakta, Lac Boulé, where they go for the summer months.

Left for St. Agathe at 5.30 p.m., arriving at ten. The latter part of the way was by buggy. It was very dark, and the road very rough. We had some difficulty in holding on.

Friday, 26th August—ST. AGATHE.

This is a delightful place for a holiday—quite in the bush—beautiful lake

and mountain scenery—miles from any town—no post nor papers.

Mr. L. had cleared a part of the bush and erected a log house, which is very comfortable. Boating, canoeing, and fishing, the occupations, which we have not been slow to take advantage of.

This has been a showery day.

Saturday, 27th August—ST. AGATHE.

At ten all the household started for a pic-nic on the lake. Sailed so far, then had the boat conveyed on a cart to another lake, and sailed again. Returned same way, and got back about six. The scenery round here is very lovely—high mountains with trees, and then the water helps so much. *Quite Scottish.*

In the evening had a sail by moonlight, and heard some wonderful echoes when near the other side of the lake. The northern lights to-night were very beautiful.

This has been a most enjoyable day, and the weather perfect.

Sunday, 28th August—ST. AGATHE.

The nearest church is four miles distant, and it is Roman Catholic, so did not go. Took a stroll on the lake, and, after dinner, had a walk up the hill to Ruth's look-out, a wooden erection a few hundred feet up.

Lovely scenery—lake, wood, and mountain everywhere.

This has been another delightful day.

Monday, 29th August—ST. AGATHE.

Drove to St. Agathe with Mr. and Mrs. L., where Mr. L. had some business to do. Home at two. Drove through beautiful country, lake and wood, but the roads—dear me! Part of the road we went over was newly cut through the bush. Where it was level—good and well, but where it had to be made up, a few trees placed across the hollow and a little sand over them was enough—time will do the rest.

In the evening went out to the fishing, but with scant success.

The weather to-day has been dull, with showers in the forenoon—afterwards, fine.

Have not yet seen a mosquito nor any other insect that bites.

Tuesday, 30th August—ST. AGATHE.

Left Camp Sakta at 1.30 for St. Agathe, and reached Montreal about seven. Enjoyed the drive again very much.

This has been a beautiful day.

Wednesday, 31st August—MONTREAL.

In the forenoon took a car drive to Maison Neuve, a good way east, where there is a mineral well, which is a place of resort for the Montrealers; and, after dinner, the doctor took us a drive round the mountain and through the cemetery.

Another fine day.

Thursday, 1st September—MONTREAL.

In the forenoon called on the Messrs. Morgan and Mr. Beattie, and at twelve started along with Mrs. M'Farlane and Mrs. Stewart for a car ride to Bout de L'ile, the south-east limit of the island. Had dinner there, and got home at 6.30.

This is a great place of resort for the city people, and, in the season, must be quite gay. There is a good hotel, and every accommodation for crowds of people.

To-day the forenoon has been showery—afterwards, finer. Thunder-showers at night.

At 10.25 p.m., accompanied by C., left by the Grand Trunk for Kingston, with the view of sailing through the Thousand Islands on the morrow.

Friday, 2nd September—SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Arrived at Kingston four a.m. and left by steamer at five. Beautiful morning, and a good many passengers on board; many of them evidently Yankees, who must always be to the fore, regardless of other people's feelings. The space from which to view the scenery is limited, and they seemed to have a monopoly.

Had a delightful sail among the Thousand Islands, many of them small and well wooded, with summer residences on them: but the river banks are flat—at least, not mountainous.

Sailing down the rapids was fairly good, but nothing wonderful.

The weather changed at four, when it began to thunder and rain (such rain!), and this continued more or less till seven, when we arrived at Montreal. The captain seemed undecided as to whether or no he would shoot Lachine, but he did, and we came down in heavy rain and semi-darkness. Glad to be on terra firma.

(It looks as if the Canadians kept on praising this shooting the rapids, and the Yankees take it all in and come in crowds. We told the Montreal friends that.)

Saturday, 3rd September—MONTREAL.

In the forenoon took car drives through various parts of the city, and in the afternoon Mr. M'F. gave us a drive up the mountain and to the cemetery.

Had a splendid view from the look-out, and got back at four.

In the sunshine the city looks very pretty—the foliage and the red and grey roofs have a very pleasing effect.

In the evening a few friends at 601 to tea.

This has been a delightful day—very warm.

Sunday, 4th September—MONTREAL.

A.M.—Erskine Church. P.M.—Baptist. Mr. Grant's meeting very poorly attended. A good many people still in the

country, and others absent on account of the heat—92 in the shade to-day. Glad to see the Montrealers feel it as much as we do.

Peculiarity in churches here is the use of fans by both men and women. To-day, perhaps, it was excusable.

Monday, 5th September—MONTREAL.

Labour day. Called on Dr. Stirling. Accompanied by Mrs. M'F. and Mrs. S., left at twelve by car for Cartier Ville, on the Back River. This is a little place behind the mountain, which is laid out in lots for sale at five to ten cents per square foot. The custom in this country is *not* to feu ground for building upon, but to buy it, and the prices named don't seem high.

In the evening saw Mr. Grant, and arranged to go to Grande Ligne to-morrow.

Day dull—not much sunshine.

Tuesday, 6th September—GRANDE LIGNE.

As arranged, left at nine for Grande Ligne, accompanied by Mr. G. We had to leave the train at St. John's and drive ten miles in what the people here call a "team"—we would call it a buggy. We passed through a good farming country—fair-sized farms and a good many cattle. The country is flattish, and most of the farms derive their water supply from wells sunk in the farm yard.

The road we passed over was like the rest, somewhat crude and very dusty. On arriving at the Mission house we found the school was not in session, but we saw over the premises, and had a talk with the principal and a good many of the staff.

It appears to be a very well-equipped establishment, and the teachers all seemed interested and full of their work. At one time they had had trouble from the Roman Catholics, but that had ceased. They have a cemetery, where many of the former labourers are interred. Left at 1.30, arriving at Montreal at three.

Enjoyed the visit very much.

After tea visited Clement and his wife to bid them good-bye.

This has been a dull day—rain in the evening.

Wednesday, 7th September—MONTREAL.

Made a few farewell calls to-day—Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rankin, Miss Fairbairn, and Mrs. Laing.

Nothing else special to-day except to arrange for departure on the morrow. Booked to San Francisco, and, in the evening, we planned our route to that city day by day, and the same was strictly carried out as tabulated.

This morning the weather was dull, and then it rained from ten till five—regular Glasgow weather.

Thursday, 8th September—TO TORONTO.

Left Montreal at 8.50 a.m., Mr. McF., Clement, the doctor, and Mrs. Stewart seeing us off. Arrived Toronto seven p.m.

The train was not very busy, and we had a comfortable ride. By the way, the country is mostly wooded, with small farms here and there, till nearing Toronto, when the scenery becomes more Scotch in its character, except that the distant hills are lower, farms smaller, and a great many burnt stumps and broken trees on the right and left.

There is a fair being held in Toronto and the city is very busy. Mr. Bucham was waiting for us, and said he had engaged a room in the "Queen's." There had, however, been some misunderstanding, and they could not accommodate us, and we were taken in by Mr. B. for the night.

Were very pleased to learn the Directors had advised him of our coming and asked him to show us attention. He was looking for our arrival.

This has been a fine day—a little rain between four and five.

Friday, 9th September—TORONTO.

In the forenoon walked through some of the principal streets, and made calls—Mr. Allan, Mr. Murray, Eatons. In the afternoon took a car drive round the city, and went to visit the exhibition.

These exhibitions are held in several of the cities annually, and draw large crowds, who spend money freely.

In the evening went with Mr. and Mrs. B. to a banquet given to the Methodist delegates, who are holding a conference here at present. It was a fine gathering, and there was good speaking—of course, all on the lines of their own church and denomination. Had the pleasure of speaking to Dr. Potts and his daughter, who came across in the s.s. "Dominion."

This is a fine city, almost level. The streets are regular and well kept, and the people are very active. There are some very large retail stores. In the residential portion, a good many trees and a great deal of grass along the side-walks.

This has been a fine day.

Saturday, 10th September—TORONTO.

In the forenoon visited some of the churches—Metropolitan Methodist, St. Michael's Catholic, and St. James Episcopal (nothing very special about them)—Massey Hall, Simpson's Store, Bank of Montreal, &c.

Spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. James Allan, and visited the Government buildings, City Park, &c. The buildings are very extensive, and stand at the north end of the park. Had

a good view of the city from the library floor.

Another fine day—bright sun and fresh breeze.

Sunday, 11th September—TORONTO.

A.M.—Dr. Thomas, Baptist Church. Job 6, 8. Psalm 37, 4.

P.M.—Parkdale Methodist Sabbath School with Mr. Bucham.

P.M.—Cooke Presbyterian Church, Mr. Paterson. John 10, 35-38.

This is a large building said to seat 2,500, and they said there were 2,800 present, as the passages were filled.

A bright, cheerful service, and the music very hearty.

Mr. Paterson was a passenger on the "Dominion," and we shook hands at the close of the meeting.

This has been a delightful day.

This city is very quiet and orderly on Sundays, and only a few cars run.

Monday, 12th September—NIAGARA.

Accompanied by Mr., Mrs., and Miss B., left at nine for Niagara, and made the tour of the Falls. Had to go by train, as the early steamer was off for the season.

One cannot take in the magnitude of the falls all at once, and, when first seen, they don't appear so immense, but a closer

approach shows them to better advantage, and they are then seen in all their grandeur.

The Canadian Fall is the better of the two, and on that side the grounds are well kept, and there is an absence of the mills, &c., which disfigure the American side. We heard of a man who, when asked if he did not think the falls wonderful, said no—if the water ran up instead of down he might think it wonderful, but he did not see what else it could do.

The fall is really very grand and awe-inspiring, and the rapids above and below are equally so.

We took car all the way up to Chippewa, and got drenched by the spray from the falls on passing—walked round about the Dufferin Islands—took car down to Queenstown—crossed over by the steamer and went up the Gorge Road by car on the American side. This Gorge Road was opened about three years ago, and is laid quite on the margin of the river. It affords fine views of the rapids and the whirlpool.

One of the best views of the Canadian Fall is also got from that road on nearing the high bridge which crosses the river. Did not attempt any of the daring deeds indulged in by some travellers.

Made two calls with Mr. B. on customers. Got back to Toronto about eight.

This has been a most enjoyable day—weather perfect.

NIAGARA.

Tuesday, 13th September—HAMILTON.

Took train at nine for Hamilton, arriving at ten. Passed many fields of grapes by the way. Had written Mr. Alexander Murray, a former customer of ours, but now retired from business, that we were coming, and he was waiting at the place appointed. He was very pleased to see us, and had many questions to ask concerning friends in the old country. He took us a drive up the mountain (so called), from which there is a good view of the city.

Called on Mr. Vallance, who was a fellow-passenger coming out, and had a chat with him. Made some calls on customers, and left at 3.40 for London.

Had arranged to meet Mr. James Carrie, an old friend, who was waiting for us. Took a turn with him round the city, and made some calls. He is a good deal changed, and much faded.

We had much to speak of concerning old times, and he was very pleased to have all the news we could give him.

Another delightful day.

Wednesday, 14th September—LONDON.

Round and about London making calls on customers. The city is very busy on account of the annual exhibition which is being held here. Immense crowds, and very busy streets. The people show great activity. These three cities—Toronto,

Hamilton, and London—resemble each other very much. There is the same regularity of the streets, large warehouses (or stores, as they call them), and the people seem to have a great deal of push.

Left at 2.10 for Toronto, arriving 6.30.

Another very fine day.

Everybody says I have come out at the right time, and that I am sure to have fine weather.

Thursday, 15th September—TORONTO.

Made a few good-bye calls in the forenoon—Allan, Murray, and others—and left Toronto at one for Owen Sound, arriving there at five.

(The route through the lakes to Fort-William was chosen instead of the long railway journey, the same being at passengers' option.)

Along the line of railway we passed through a good farm country, many of the farms well stocked with cattle and horses.

Left Owen Sound, on Lake Huron, at 5.30 in the s.s. "Athabasca," a fine Clyde-built steamer, on a beautiful evening, with a fair number of passengers.

Another fine day—a shower about four o'clock.

Friday, 16th September—S.S. "ATHABASCA."

In Lake Huron—land seen on the starboard side only.

This is a fine ship and well-appointed—table and everything else quite up to the mark.

At 1.30 reached Sault Ste. Marie, where this lake and Lake Superior meet, and where they are joined by immense locks, one Canadian and one American, but they are used indiscriminately.

We pass through the lock, and at 2.30 we are in Lake Superior.

Met a good many vessels of various kinds on Lake Huron—large carrying craft and several whale-backs. Most of them may be good for freight purposes, but they are not very pretty nor ship-shape.

This has been a delightful day, and we have had a very pleasant sail.

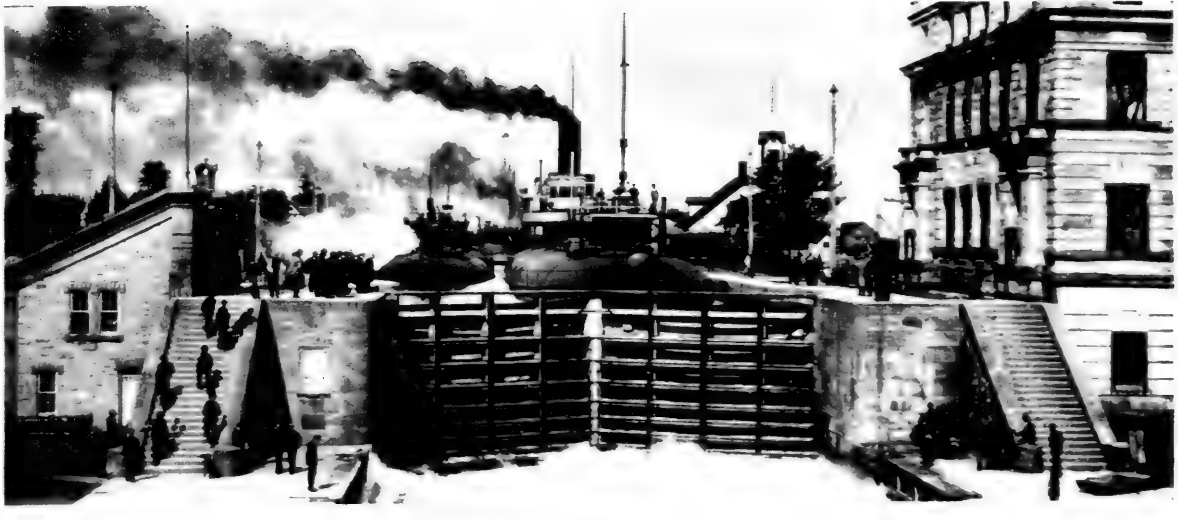
Saturday, 17th September—S.S. "ATHABASCA."

Still in Lake Superior, and a fine morning. This is a very large lake, and we are a good deal out of sight of land. They say Scotland could be submerged in this lake, and it would not fill it. We reached Port-Arthur at twelve.

This is a very backwoodish town on a slightly elevated situation.

Owing to some dispute with the C.P.R., their depot was changed to Fort-William, and Port-Arthur is declining.

Fort-William was reached at one o'clock. The condition of this place is even more backwoodish than the other. Roads bad—



LOCKS.

no appearance of drainage—wood sidewalks where there are any. The houses are of wood, and very scattered. The place might be said to be quite in the bush. In spite of their backward condition in the senses named, most of these places have their electric cars, and in this respect they are up to date.

Left by train for Winnipeg at 2.40.

Dullish day.

Sunday, 18th September—WINNIPEG.

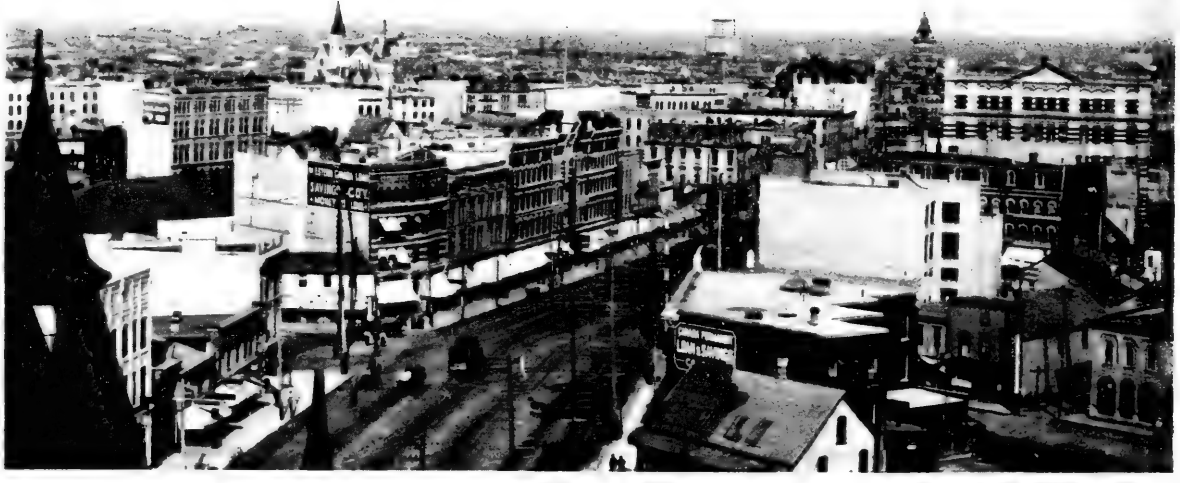
Arrived at Winnipeg at seven a.m.

So long as daylight lasted on Saturday we passed through a pretty country—good river and hill scenery. A good deal of wood, the young trees beginning to assume a yellow appearance.

The river passing through Fort-William is brown, wide, and rapid, and at the wharf are several very large grain elevators.

Approaching Winnipeg the country is flat, and a good deal of small bush. Patches of grain cut but not gathered, but very few houses to be seen.

Winnipeg is well laid out, and the chief streets have a good many fine buildings, but when you leave them the roads are very bad—no proper fixing up of the carriage way, and the footpaths wood or none at all. The chief streets are wide, and to-day they are quiet, as no cars run, and there is scarcely any other kind of vehicle about, except, perhaps, the bicycle.



WINNIPEG.

This and some others of the Western towns made us liken them to a person handsomely dressed in every respect, except that the boots were old and worn, and very much in need of cleaning.

Went to the Second Baptist Church, Mr. Vincent, and heard a sermon from Mal. 3, 16, 17. About 100 remained to the ordinance, and the pastor was blowing them up for so few being present. I understood him to say that out of about 300 only 100 were present.

P.M.—Went to Knox Presbyterian Church. A fair congregation. The feature—anthem, solos, and quartette as usual.

Another fine day—dull early.

Monday, 19th September—WINNIPEG.

Called on Mr. Banfield, one of our customers, and we took drives and walks through the city. We visited an abattoir newly erected, but did not see the process, as the slaying was over for the day, and we were quite glad of this.

It appeared to be a well-equipped building in every respect for the purpose, and it has a copious flow of water from an artesian well.

Took a run by electric car to the outskirts, and had our first view of the prairie.

Winnipeg seems to be an active business centre, and quite go-ahead.

Leave for Banff at 7.10 p.m.

Weather has been dull to-day, said to be caused by prairie fires in the neighbourhood—no rain.

Tuesday, 20th September—TO BANFF.

On the C.P.R. all day. From six a.m. to six p.m. level prairie country. Not many houses, and very few cattle in the east portion. Towards the west, some ranches, and a good many cattle and horses. The country we passed through was very flat, and nothing to relieve the eye. At some of the stations saw a few Indians. They are not very prepossessing. Their chief occupation seems to be the fixing up of buffalo horns, and making them into ornaments for hanging in halls.

Saw one or two patches of prairie fire on the way.

Another fine day.

Wednesday, 21st September—BANFF.

Arrived Banff at 7.30 a.m. among the hills. After the day on the prairie, the first look of the mountains this morning was very refreshing—and such mountains!

Had thought the pictures exhibited at railway stations and elsewhere must be exaggerated, but evidently not so.

The C.P.R. Hotel is a mile and a-half from the station, and, after 36 hours in the train, were very glad to walk the distance.

The hotel is very finely situated up the side of one of the mountains overlooking the Bow Valley, and the views in any direction are awfully grand—peak after peak, and many of them snow-capped. In the forenoon took a drive round Tunnel Mountain, and in the afternoon another drive to see a herd of buffaloes, which belong to the Government, and which are enclosed in part of the bush, some two miles off.

Morning fine—later, dull and threatening, and a few drops of rain.

BANFF—BOW VALLEY.

Thursday, 22nd September—BANFF.

It had been raining heavily during the night, and this morning the higher hills

have a coating of snow, and they are very beautiful in the sunshine.

In the forenoon, Rev. J. and Mrs. Moor, who were passengers on the lakes steamer, arrived, and we together took a walk up the hill, 900 feet, to the hot sulphur spring. There is a small hotel there in which they receive rheumatic patients, and where they say they cure them. Had a talk with some of the patients, who said they had been greatly benefited.

After lunch we joined in a drive to the Devil's Lake, nine miles off, and got back in time for dinner. Had wonderful views of the mountains, and different at every turn.

Dull afternoon. Heavy rain at night.

Friday, 23rd September—TO VANCOUVER.

Left Banff at 6.35 a.m.

It rained last night, and the hills have a fresh coating of snow this morning.

During the whole of the day the train ran in and among the mountains and up and down in a most marvellous, and at times a somewhat alarming manner.

At one place the descent was 1,000 feet in some eight miles, 4½ to the 100, but it was done very carefully. If not, it might have been serious, as we were on a sort of shelf overhanging a deep ravine. Great care and experience beget confidence.

At one place, the "Glacier," we descend what is called a loop. Looking down you

see the line winding about in the valley, and, at one place, the train describes quite a semi-circle.

Reached Revelstoke at five p.m. There is here a junction, and we had to wait two hours for a connecting train.

JAWS OF DEATH C.P. RAILWAY.

Saturday, 24th September—TO VANCOUVER.

Still on the train, which is three hours late this morning.

Daylight showed some change of scene. The hills are not now so high, but they are very bare—no vegetation, and nothing interesting about them except their wildness. We run through some wild

passes they call canyons. The high rocks are very close together, and the line is built on a projection, with a turbulent stream running below. It is very wild, and sometimes very dangerous looking. Nearing Vancouver we rise and fall a good deal, and we are sometimes 1,000 feet above the river, and again we fall to quite near it. Taken altogether, the line is a very daring piece of engineering, and, although alarming at times, the ascents and descents are so carefully managed that one forgets the danger.

Arrived at Vancouver 2.30 p.m.

In the afternoon took a walk through some of the principal streets, and a run by electric car to New Westminster, which was recently almost wholly destroyed by fire. On the way out saw a good many half-burnt trees. The fire had devoured a great many of the houses and business places, and there was still a good deal of debris about. The people were busy rebuilding some of the houses, and again of wood. This is a small seaport, and there are lumber mills, and a large trade is done in timber.

The steamer for San Francisco sails from Victoria on Monday, and we were told there was no steamer on that day from Vancouver in connection, so we may have to leave this to-morrow afternoon.

Vancouver is a good business city, and is growing. They say it has a great future before it.

Sunday, 25th September—VANCOUVER.

In the morning took a walk round the town, and came upon the *First* Baptist Church (there are three) and had a talk with the pastor. Then went to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church close by, where there was an interesting children's service being held, consisting mostly of music and readings. Did not wait for the address, as we were compelled to leave by steamer for Victoria in the afternoon, or else lose five days waiting for another steamer going south to San Francisco.

Left Vancouver at 2.30 in charming weather.

The sail down the Gulf of Georgia was very beautiful. Looking back after an hour's sail, there is a long chain of hills to the north resembling Goatfell, but they are higher, and there are a great many Goatfells, and some of them have snow on their summits.

In the afternoon sunshine, the scene is very lovely.

A striking object to the west, which we are told is 90 miles away, is Mount Baker, 14,000 feet high, and covered with snow. The whole scene is very beautiful indeed. Vancouver Island is on our right, but only the higher portions of it visible, and there are other small islands ahead, but a great way off. Our steamer is the "Islander," built by Napier, Shanks & Bell, and the Pacific Ocean is very pacific.

May it continue so—at all events, for some days. Later, we pass round and among a number of beautiful islands.

These and the calmness of the ocean recall Loch-Lomond and its islands. The night is perfect, lovely sunset and moon, and we duly arrive at Victoria at eight o'clock. We did not recognize any Americans on board, and it has been a most enjoyable sail.

It must not be supposed from these references to the old country that we were home-sick, but the similarity was so striking that we could not help our thoughts crossing the 6,000 miles rolling between to the old familiar scenes at home.

At Vancouver made the acquaintance of three very agreeable Englishmen who, like ourselves, were enjoying a holiday in the new world. They were with us at Victoria, as well as on the sail south to San Francisco, and there we were all in the same hotel. They were very pleasant to travel and talk with, and we were very pleased to have their company. They were hurrying more than we were, however, and we did not meet again after leaving San Francisco.

Monday, 26th September—VICTORIA.

Victoria is a fine little city. The streets are well laid out, and there are some very good shops and public buildings. Besides the Government buildings, which are very

extensive, there is a large public library and museum, and the latter contains an extraordinary collection of stuffed beasts and birds belonging to the colony, in splendid preservation, besides geological specimens and a great many Indian curios. Hours could profitably be spent here, there is so much to interest.

Near Victoria there is a naval station (Esquimalt), where there are always some war ships lying, and where there is a fort.

The harbour is quite land-locked, and could accommodate a very large fleet. In the forenoon we took a tram car out to the place, and we drove through a pretty piece of country.

Esquimalt itself is a small village, with the usual cafés, &c.

There are small boats at the wharf, and old salts are ready to transport people out to the war ships. We got on board the torpedo boat "Virago," and had everything fully explained by one of the man-o'-wars-men. It seems their business is to discharge the torpedo and then run, because their vessel, being built of ¼-inch iron, could not stand before a discharge from any size of a gun. Everything was in apple-pie order, and ship-shape. (Is this a mixed metaphor?)

In the afternoon called at the Bank of Montreal and one of our customer's stores (Mr. Spencer's), one of the best in the place. Spent some time also in the museum.

VICTORIA.

The sailing of steamer "Umatilla" is uncertain, as they are waiting for some passengers coming by a coasting steamer from New Westminster. (Were told afterwards that the coasting steamer did not arrive before we left, and that about 30 passengers were short-shipped, so that if we had waited till the Monday before coming here we would have required to wait five days for the next steamer going south.)

Got on board at nine, but did not sail till eleven, at which time it was raining very hard, and blowing considerably.

The steamer was very crowded, owing, it was said, to the near close of cheap fares, and every bunk was full, and a good many had to sleep on the floor of the saloon.

We were three in a room, one above the other, and the writer was on the top shelf (such a getting up stairs), and the man on the first floor was sick early in the morning.

During the night a good deal of wind, and a great many of the passengers sick.

Fine moonlight part of the night.

Tuesday, 27th September—S.S. "UMATILLA."

This morning sea not very pacific—still choppy. A good breeze from the west. Vessel pitching and rolling a good deal. Not half the passengers turned up at breakfast. Fiddles on the table, and great

care required in navigating the viands. Motion of vessel very uncomfortable. Wind went down towards evening, and pitching not so bad, but the rolling continued. Nothing of interest passing, and land seen only in the distance on the port side.

Beautiful moonlight night.

Wednesday, 28th September—ON THE PACIFIC.

Beautiful morning. Still scudding along the coast, and more land seen in the distance. Lovely sea and sun, and nothing but the roll of the vessel to make the sail uncomfortable. Most of the passengers are now convalescent, but some continue sick; among them, one of the three friends—Mr. Smith, from Loughborough.

Have not been at all troubled personally, and always up to time when the gong sounds. The four of us sit at the same table, and, as we are about the only *foreigners* on board, we are very chummy. The sea is like fluted glass—a rounded swell and no more.

Beautiful evening—fine sunset and full moon.

Thursday, 29th September—ON THE PACIFIC.

Another fine morning—there is more wind, but it is from the north, and it does not trouble the ship. The coast on our

port side is now close at hand—bare and rocky, and rather steep.

We enter the Golden Gate about eleven, and we are now in the bay. We are boarded by the custom house officers, and get ashore about twelve.

The citizens of this free and enlightened country boast about their better plan of dealing with passengers' luggage, but it took two hours for us to get cleared and free to go.

And now good-bye to the s.s. "Umatilla."

(In no respect could the s.s. "Umatilla" be compared with the s.s. "Dominion." We said before, "Like master like man," and so we say again. The ship, the officers, the steward, and the table were very far behind, and the passengers, a good many of them, were men returning from the gold fields in the north. These few words mean a good deal.)

Our cousins A. and G. were waiting for us, and each of us thought the other a good deal changed. They said they recognized us by likeness to father. J. had waited for some time, but, as we were some hours late, he had to go.

Went all together to the Russ House and had lunch, after which we took a car drive out to the Cliff House and Sutra Park. The former is a large hotel built of wood, on rocks at the edge of the ocean, and, as it seemed perched up, we thought it likely it might be washed away

or blown down at any time. It does not look very stable or strong.

Sutra Park is a wonderful place—the gift of a late citizen of San Francisco. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and there is a great deal of statuary, both classic and grotesque, placed here and there. There are baths of all kinds, and galleries where visitors collect when there are swimming competitions. There are games of every sort, both for young and old. There is a museum of stuffed birds and animals, as well as historic groups of wax figures; and the creature comforts are not awanting, so that anyone can go there and spend the whole day, and not be at all at a loss for the means of enjoyment. As the season was over, the place was almost deserted, but at the right time of year it must be very gay and busy, and a great boon to the citizens. It is largely taken advantage of, and is much appreciated.

Spent the evening at Golden Gate Avenue, and got to the hotel about 10.30.

Friday, 30th September—SAN FRANCISCO.

Went about the city with J., visiting places of interest—among others, the Mint, where we were shown the various processes of coining gold and silver, from the melting of the metal until the coins come out in a finished state.

It is a very extensive establishment, and the guide told us they could coin in a day all the gold produced in the world during, say, two or three days.

Were in the room where diggers bring their gold dust, &c., to be sold. It is left the one day, and they get the value in coin on the next.

Saw a man's taking put on the scales, and were told it represented 25,000 dollars—that was good.

On the other hand, three men came in one day, and neither of them had enough to make an assay of itself, and they joined in one, and the whole was 200 dollars, and this was the result of two years' labour. So there are blanks as well as prizes.

Had our first view and visit to the high buildings. Went up one 17 storeys high—the "Call" building—and had our lunch on the 15th storey, 210 feet above the pavement.

These elevated buildings are very useful when one wants to have a look around, and, as there is no restriction as to who goes up, we often used them in the different cities we visited, both in Canada and the States.

Called on George Steel, and, as we purpose going to Santa Barbara to-night, promised to see him on our return.

Left at five p.m. for Santa Barbara.

This has been a very fine day.

"CALL" BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO.

Saturday, 1st October—ON THE TRAIN.

The country we pass through during daylight is uninteresting in the highest degree—sandhills and plains—and the people call it the desert. It is even more desolate than the prairie—a few scrubby bushes, and an occasional shrub something like a cactus; otherwise very much burnt up.

Had to wait five hours at a junction called Saugas, where there is literally nothing to see. It is merely a roadside station, and the only comfort is that there is a buffet, and there we find this useful. Met a gentleman from Philadelphia, and we pass the time agreeably enough.

The latter part of the journey the look-out is better—a good many fruit trees, and more vegetation. Part of the way saw a good many oil wells, both up the hillsides and quite on the margin of the ocean. This seems to be a great business hereabouts.

Left Saugas at 5.30 p.m., and arrived at Santa Barbara at 8.30 p.m., where Charlie Grant was waiting with his buggy, and, as his father is from home for a day or two, he took us to his house.

This has been another fine day.

Sunday, 2nd October—SANTA BARBARA.

As Pastor Grant is from home, the usual service was not held in the Baptist Church, but, instead, a children's harvest service,

a good deal of the service being the repetition of texts of Scripture, setting forth God's goodness in various directions. It is a nice little chapel, and the people seem very interested, although they are not very numerous.

In the afternoon had a drive with Elsie round by the esplanade, &c. This is a somewhat scattered town, and in some respects looks quite foreign. There is one good street, but out of that there is not much regularity. Expected to find a finer display of flowers, &c., but the season is too far on, and the people say they want rain badly.

In the evening went to the Congregational Church (as there was no meeting in the Baptist Church), where there was a fair attendance.

Came here intending to spend Sunday and Monday, but, as Pastor G. won't be home till Monday night, must wait till he comes.

After evening service were taken home by Mr. P. Grant, where we were put up for the night.

He has a nice house built of brick near his brother's. He was also very kind, and his wife and Miss Finch were very glad to see us. Mrs. P. Grant not much changed.

Monday, 3rd October—SANTA BARBARA.

Had a small drive or two round and about the city.

Pastor G. was due about six, and in the afternoon we drove with Mr. P. G. a few miles along the road the stage should come in by. Spotted the pastor on the front of the coach, but he did not know who hailed him, and he was surprised when he learnt afterwards. He had been made aware of our coming, but did not know exactly when. He, his wife, and elder daughter were attending a church conference at a town some 60 miles up the coast.

Took tea with Mr. P. G., and adjourned early to his brother's.

We had a long talk over home people and places, and Pastor G. was very pleased to have all the news. He was exceedingly glad to see us, and we had a very warm reception.

This has been a bright, breezy day.

Tuesday, 4th October—SANTA BARBARA.

Went about the city with Pastor G., making calls. Went up the hill behind his house, where we had a view of his fruit ranche. The hillsides are very bare. He says they are much in want of rain, and that they have not had their usual fall for the last three years.

At home in the evening; had some music, and called on Mr. P. G. to bid him and his family good-bye. The pastor could scarcely get his thirst for news quenched. C. and his wife called.

This has been another fine day.

Wednesday, 5th October—ON THE TRAIN.

Left Santa Barbara at 8.15 a.m., Pastor G. seeing us off, and we had a good many "last words." Returned to San Francisco by the same route as we came.

At Saugas had *only* two and a-half hours to wait this time, but we had it very hot—90 in the shade—and we missed the company of the gentleman from Philadelphia.

This has been a warm day throughout, and very dusty in the train.

Thursday, 6th October—SAN FRANCISCO.

Arrived at San Francisco 8.45 a.m. Since daylight the country has shewn up rather better—good farms and more vegetation.

Called on G. S., and we took car out to the "Pisidia," which is a Government park where there are extensive barracks and officers' quarters. Besides these, there are just now a great many volunteers under canvas, and the swagger most of them had is quite characteristic of the people generally. Many of them are very young men.

Spent the evening at 2,014 Golden Gate Avenue, where all the friends were assembled. To the hotel about 10.30.

Another fine day.

San Francisco is a busy, active city, everyone on the alert, but the character for straight dealing is not strong with some of the people. The streets are very hilly,

and the cars are drawn by *cable*. There are a great many fine buildings in the business portion of the city, but the residences, outside of that, are mostly built of wood. The policemen are quite a feature—mostly splendid men, with blue surtouts and white gloves, and on their breasts, silver star badges. They seem very numerous.

The streets are well kept, and even the scavengers have a sort of uniform.

Friday, 7th October—ON THE TRAIN.

Left San Francisco at eight a.m., accompanied by the cousins, who went with us an hour on the way.

We pass Sacramento, and shortly after the line ascends a good deal. There is hill and valley, and all the hill slopes are covered with small fruit trees, the colours of which are beautiful, from green to yellow, crimson, and scarlet. Newcastle, a fruit centre, we reach at 1.30, and there quite a lot of fruit is put on the train.

There are numerous merchants, also, at the station, pushing their wares of the same sort, and there are a good many purchasers among the passengers.

We roll along till 3.30, and have got to a good height, having rounded "Cape Horn," when we are stopped. There is a block on the line ahead of us, and, as the line is single, we cannot proceed. We are backed down to a station, "Colfax,"

where we have to remain till 1.30 a.m.—ten hours—and, as there is only a very inferior buffet, the situation is far from comfortable

Saturday, 8th October—ON THE TRAIN.

From daylight on we have been passing through a desert—quite a contrast to what we had yesterday morning. Very desolate and dusty; nothing to relieve the eye but one or two small villages, and an occasional green field. As daylight closes, a few ranches with cattle.

On account of the delay, did not reach Ogden till three a.m. on 9th, instead of five p.m. on the 8th—ten hours late.

Dull day—not much sunshine.

Sunday, 9th October—SALT LAKE CITY.

Arrived at Salt Lake City at nine a.m. to-day, instead of seven p.m. on Saturday. The Mormons had been holding a conference during the previous week, and there were a great many strangers in the city.

Went to the tabernacle in the forenoon, where there was an immense assemblage. They say the house holds 15,000, but that is surely an exaggeration.

There was some vigorous speaking, and the acoustics of the building seem to be very good, as one could hear quite well at the end furthest from the platform. It

is lighted altogether from under the galleries, as there are no windows in the roof, which is unbroken, and in shape like a section of an immense egg. There are numerous exits in the lower portion, and they say the building can be emptied in a few minutes. Went again in the afternoon, when officers of the church were being elected.

The people were divided into six or eight sections, according to their grades in the church, and at every nomination the vote was put to section after section, and each in turn stood up and erected the right hand. Any who opposed were asked to "manifest" the same, but the opposition was feeble, and the president said to one or two who had the courage to oppose, that they would be seen afterwards, and matters would be explained.

The whole proceedings were, in one sense, very interesting, and took up a great deal of time.

The people were very enthusiastic, but outsiders say they are not increasing, and that many of the young people are breaking away and are marrying with the Gentiles.

15,000 seems to be too high an estimate of the capacity of the building, as the papers next day said "the place was crowded, and that there were about 9,000 present"—but that may have been an Anti-Mormon paper.

It certainly is a very large place, and it

looked as if all the adult population must have been there.

Besides the tabernacle, there is the temple, which is wholly used for church ordinances, and whose floor no Gentile foot is allowed to defile. There is also an assembly hall, where they hold smaller meetings.

In the evening went to the Baptist Church, where the meeting was very small, and quite a contrast to the other.

Had a few words with the pastor, and met him again on the car on Monday and we had some further talk.

This has been a good day.

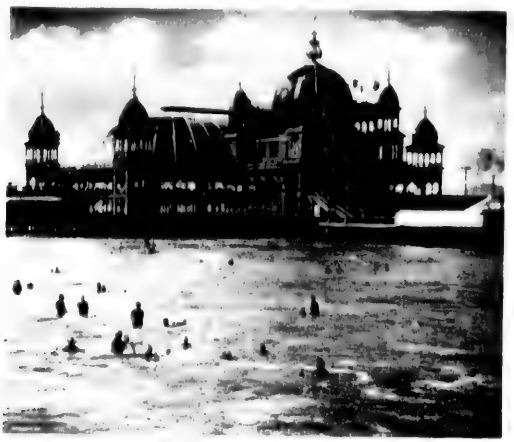
Monday, 10th October—SALT LAKE CITY.

Took a drive or two in the cars round and about the city, and, after lunch, took train for Salt Lake. We passed through a fruitful farming district, but the shores of the lake are flat, with hills in the distance.

The lake is about 90 miles long and 45 broad, and there are numerous islands, some of them rather high. A steamer sails on the lake in the season, but it is at present laid up. The water is very salt, and its density is greater than that of the Dead Sea. It is run into pools and then evaporated by the sun, and various kinds of salts are extracted. The water is very clear, and, at the pavilion, not at all deep.

The pavilion is an immense erection of iron and wood, and in it there is every

convenience for bathing, eating, drinking, and enjoyment in general. In the season there is a good deal of gaiety, as the Salt Lake City people are not all specially staid. When we were there the halls were all deserted, the only visitors being the 30 or so who went down by train. Got back to the city in the afternoon.



SALT LAKE THE PAVILION.

The city itself is a busy, stirring place, and there are some good buildings. The blocks are regularly laid out, and the streets are all numbered—First Street, Second Street, &c., North, South, East, or West. The centre of all is the temple, and the numbers of the streets are reckoned from their positions in relation to it.

Left Salt Lake City 7.30 p.m. for Colorado Springs.

Another fine day.

Tuesday, 11th October—ON THE TRAIN.

Arrived Colorado Springs seven p.m. Passed through some very wild, rocky scenery. At one part the line is at an elevation of over 10,000 feet (Tennessee Pass), and we have many ups and downs. We stop at Leadville, a gold mining city 10,000 feet up the mountain, where we have lunch, and later we pass through some magnificent gorges or canyons, where the rock scenery is unspeakably grand.

ROYAL GORGE.

The last gorge especially, the "Royal," is very wild, and the passengers were crowded at the rear end of the train to get the full benefit of the look-out. As it was approaching sunset, the light and shade on the rocks and mountains were exquisite. The rocks on both sides of the track are precipitous, and we ran in and out among the precipices along the bottom of the gorge by the side of the river. This has been a ride never to be forgotten.

Lovely weather.

Wednesday, 12th October—COLORADO SPRINGS.

Took train up Pike's Peak, a mountain close by, 14,147 feet above the sea, but, as the country here has an elevation of about 6,000 feet, had to ascend 8,000 feet only.

The railway is about eight miles long, and is built on the "cog wheel" principle. On asking the man in charge if he insured our lives, he said no, we went at our own risk, but he could almost guarantee a safe journey. The engine pushes the carriage up, and it "pechs" a good deal. In decending it precedes the carriage. On the top there is a refreshment-room, and, of course, the usual curiosity shop. Had a very fine and extensive view, as the day was clear. Spent an hour on the top, and got back to the lower level about one o'clock. On the train made the acquaintance of Mr. Provand, M.P., and, after descending, we hired a team and took a drive round some of the places of

interest—among others "The Garden of the Gods"—extensive natural rocky district, where the rocks have assumed fantastic shapes of human beings, animals, birds, &c., which the driver is not slow to call attention to. A lively imagination helps one to see the objects he names.

Various kinds of rocks abound in the district, some of which are affected by the weather more than others—hence the peculiarity. Enjoyed the drive very much, and got back in time for dinner.

In this neighbourhood there are a variety of mineral wells, which are of value medicinally, and one of them is enclosed by extensive works, the proprietors of which do a large business.

Another fine day.

PIKE'S PEAK COLORADO SPRINGS.

Thursday, 13th October—DENVER.

Left Colorado Springs at 6.30 a.m., arriving at Denver at nine—two and a-half hours' journey. There had been a sprinkling of snow early in the morning, and the ground is white with that and hoar frost.

Took one or two drives on the cars, and saw a good deal of the city and surroundings. The city spreads a long way out on all sides, and great part of the outlying districts are still unbuilt upon, but provision has been made for growth, which, in these American cities, is often rapid.

The city itself is go-ahead like the rest. The streets are well laid out, and there are some very large retail stores, which are elegant buildings. Many of these stores keep the electric light burning late into the night, and some of them are outlined and festooned with it on each flat, and the effect is good.

Wooden buildings are here absent, and the prevailing material in the residential portion is brick.

Looking down from the tower of the Capitol, the view is very pleasing. The Capitol is surrounded by beautifully kept lawns. There are a great number of trees in the streets, and these blend harmoniously with the red brick of the houses, and form a lovely picture. "Every prospect pleases."

Cars are partly cable and partly electric.

Another delightful day.

A gentleman from Salt Lake goes to Omaha to-night, and promises to secure us a room in the Paxton Hotel there.

Friday, 14th October—ON TRAIN.

Left Denver at 9.30 a.m.—a beautiful morning.

As long as daylight lasted, till about 5.30, we ran through prairie land—a very flat country, and bare—no trees to be seen. Towards the end of the day there were several cattle ranches and some vegetation.

Reached Omaha 2.30 a.m. on Saturday, and, on account of the exhibition, the city is very full. Could not get a bedroom, and had to sleep on a couch in the hall. The hotel people said no room had been engaged, although the gentleman referred to said he had engaged one.

Another fine day.

Saturday, 15th October—OMAHA.

Met a former fellow-traveller in the hotel (Mr. Pearson from Salt Lake), and we took a run through the city—up some of the high and principal buildings, and had a good view of the neighbourhood. This seems a good business city, population about 200,000, and it has some good streets and large retail stores. The streets were specially busy owing to the crowds who are here to see the exhibition.

In the afternoon went to the exhibition

—the usual show, but, as the war fever is still on, the display of military and naval exhibits by the Government is large, and they attract great attention.

"Remember the Maine" was printed up in large characters.

The buildings are very fine and extensive—artificial lake with boats—and at night the electric illuminations are very striking and effective.

The city also, at night, is bright with the electric light, and many of the stores make a good show.

Another fine day.

Sunday, 16th October—OMAHA.

Very wet and windy. Could not go out in the early part of the day. In the afternoon took a short turn along with Mr. P. (the friend from Salt Lake City before mentioned), and in the evening, when we started for Chicago, he accompanied us to the train and saw us off.

Nothing special to note by the way. Towards the end of the journey, some good farms and cattle ranches.

There is to be what they call a peace jubilee procession at Chicago, and, on nearing that city, such great crowds of people join the train that they cannot all get seats. The President is to be in the procession, and he appears to be very popular.

Heavy rain all the way through—almost the first rain since leaving Montreal.

Monday, 17th October—CHICAGO.

Arrived at Chicago 9.20 a.m.—an hour late. J. M'G. waiting. Left luggage at the station, and went to his office. Went about the city in great discomfort in wind and rain.

Very busy city. Streets narrow and dirty. Was not favourably impressed. Perhaps the high buildings help to make the streets look narrower.

J. M'G. lives in Evanston, a suburb some miles out, and we went there later on. Were well received by all, including the children.

Most disagreeable day.

Tuesday, 18th October—CHICAGO.

Still wet, but not so windy.

Great preparations for the procession to-morrow.

During the night some of the triumphal arches had been blown down, and a few people hurt.

Went about the city. Ascended some of the high buildings, and made a few calls.

Arranged for our departure for Washington to-morrow afternoon.

Home about seven.

Another disagreeable day.

Wednesday, 19th October—CHICAGO.

Great crowds to view the procession. Miles of stands, and windows everywhere occupied.

Fortunately, the rain ceased during the time of the procession. The President kept on bowing all the time, and many of the naval and military heroes were cheered to the echo, but it did not strike us as being specially attractive—a mixture of military and civilian—but the crowd was enthusiastic.

The streets were very muddy, and it could not be pleasant for those on foot.

The procession lasted about two hours, and we had a good view of it.

Left at three p.m. for Washington.

Evanston, where J. M'G. lives, is a few miles out, and is a separate municipality. It has some good houses, and is well laid out, and planted copiously with trees. He has a good house and a nice family.

Thursday, 20th October—ON THE TRAIN.

Not much to interest during the afternoon of Wednesday.

Thursday morning at daylight brought us to Pittsburg. A dull morning, something like November at home. There must be a good many iron works hereabouts, as the atmosphere is so smoky. The day improved as we went along, and ultimately it was like a day in July.

We passed through a beautiful country, more home-like than any we had seen before—hill and dale—wood and water.

There is scarcely any colour on the trees yet, except on nearing Baltimore, as the

sun went down, some of them showed varied tints. There has been no frost yet to affect them, and most of them have still the fresh green of summer. We passed through some good-sized cities—among others, Harrisburgh, which is the capital of the state, and lies on the Susquehanna, which is here a very wide and large river.

Arrived at Washington *on* time, 7.15 p.m.

A fine day throughout.

Friday, 21st October—WASHINGTON.

Very wet morning. Went about in great discomfort visiting places of interest. Called on Mr. C., to whom we had a letter of introduction. He was very glad to hear from his old friend J. M'A., and he showed us great attention.

We went through the White House, but did not see the President, as he is at present on tour, but we were in the reception room, and had his manner of giving audiences explained. We visited the Treasury, the State Secretaries' apartments, and everywhere there are open doors, and a great many people going to and fro. We went to the Capitol and saw the chamber where the Government sits. There are some wonderful echoes in the old chamber, and these were fully *expressed* by the guide. The paintings and frescoes are

beautiful, and what with marble stairs and bronze doors, there is no end of sights to see, and much time could be spent in the building. Of course, as in all American cities, here the almighty dollar is ever to the front, and the description of every article of beauty was accompanied by the number of years occupied in its execution, and the cost in dollars, but these facts were not interesting. We visited the public library, which is a new building, and in which the marble stair and hall are very magnificent. Here we had no guide, and, consequently, were not bored.

There is a great deal to see in this city, and many days could be spent over the sights.

It is a fine city—in fact, the finest we have visited. No overhead wires allowed, and the cars are drawn by cable. The streets are wide, and there are a great many trees in them, and the buildings, both public and private, are very good—mostly stone or brick.

Dined and spent the evening with Mr. C. and his family, who are very agreeable people. Had some music, and passed a pleasant time.

Hotel about ten.

Rain, rain, all day.

Saturday, 22nd October—WASHINGTON.

Quite a change in the weather—fine bright morning.

Made the ascent of the monument. It is altogether 553 feet high, and visitors

WASHINGTON—THE CAPITOL.

are landed 500 feet above the ground. It is built of white marble from Maryland, and in the sunshine it glistens beautifully. An elevator takes up 30 people at a time, and the service is every half hour—9.30 till 4.30. There is also a wide stair built round the elevator, consisting of 900 steps, and on the internal walls are many memorial tablets, all in connection with Washington's career, and gifted by different cities and states. We went up by the elevator (which took eight and a-half minutes to ascend the 500 feet), and we walked down the 900 steps. The interior is lighted by electricity, and on walking down a good view of the memorial stones is obtained. At the top there are openings on each side, and a good view of the city can be had in all directions.

The city from this elevation looks beautiful. The many fine buildings, and the quantity of green, both trees and sward, form a fine picture, and the Potomac River running below adds beauty to the scene.

There is a good deal of marsh by the river side, and the city may not be healthy in very warm weather.

Left for Philadelphia at 12.45 p.m., arriving at 3.30.

Passed Baltimore on the way, but did not stop off.

Rode through a good farm country, and had glimpses by the way of

Chesapeake Bay and Delaware Bay, the former being the channel for Baltimore and the latter for Philadelphia.

Found the chief streets wholly given over to the carpenters, who are busy erecting stands from which to view the jubilee procession to be held here a day or two hence. No expense is being spared, and what with extra electric lighting and triumphal arches, &c., built of wood and stucco, it must be considerable. Went up a 13 storey building, and had a look around. Market Street and Broad Street are wide, but many of the others are narrow, and, on account of the coming event and the excitement, the city is very busy.

The public buildings are very good, and the railway stations are magnificent—nothing like them in our country.

This has been a fine day.

Sunday, 23rd October—PHILADELPHIA.

In the morning found out Shiloh Baptist Church (coloured), Pastor Dr. Phillips.

Interesting service, much as at home. The people were of all shades, but all more or less coloured. They seem to carry on all the usual departments of work, and the intimations read included all the branches. The choir and organist are also coloured, and they did their work very well.

The preacher for the day was a fine stalwart specimen of a negro, and he preached a good sermon from Jer. 20, 9.

In the afternoon visited the schools carried on at Bethany Hall by Mr. Wannemaker, and the attendance was large and interested.

There are some 2,900 on the roll. They meet for the opening services in the hall, and the classes then retire to their different rooms. Mr. W. has his own class in the chapel, and there might be 800 to 1,000 people present. The lesson for the day was Isaiah 13.

Walked to these places through localities which might be called "middle class," and was impressed with the cleanness of even the bye streets. Many of the smaller houses have white marble steps, and the lower portion of the wall, up to the first window-sill, is of the same material. It seems to be a well-kept city.

Walked through the city in the evening, viewing the jubilee stands and the electric lighting.

Another fine day.

Monday, 24th October—NEW YORK.

Left Philadelphia at 10.30, and, after a pleasant run, reached New York at one p.m.

The country through which we passed was very level, but well cultivated. A

few of the trees are now showing autumn tints, but this is not general.

Approached New York by the river, and arrived at the depot on Twenty-third Street. Were struck by the number of high separate buildings, looking like so many pepper-boxes standing up.

Were advised to go to Sinclair House, corner of Eighth Street and Broadway, and found our way there, and were very comfortable.

Sought J. M'G. at his business address, and we looked into some of the high and large buildings.

Streets very busy, and the people very active and go-ahead. Broadway is not the Broadway we expected—it is narrow, and not beautiful.

There is an immense traffic, and the cars (cable) appear sometimes as if they were end to end.

In the evening went to J. M'G.'s house, and got back to the city about 10.30.

Another fine day.

Tuesday, 25th October—NEW YORK.

Took a run or two by car to different parts of the city, and got some idea as to its immensity.

Had J. M'G. and his wife to lunch, and we then visited the Stock Exchange (where from the gallery a good view is obtained of the excitement below), the Produce Exchange, and other business places.

Everywhere, everyone very wide awake. In the evening went all together to visit R. M'G., a cousin of J. M'G.'s. He lives some distance out, and we went by the overhead railway (which, by the way, is very unsightly, and must have a depreciating effect on the business places and houses past which the lines run), spent a pleasant evening, and got back to hotel in time for bed.

A fine day, but dull in the afternoon.

Wednesday, 26th October—NEW YORK.

Had arranged to meet G. D., but could not go out in the morning for the rain.

Went down town in the afternoon, and visited one or two business places. Were shown over one of the large Telegraph Company's offices, and had everything explained.

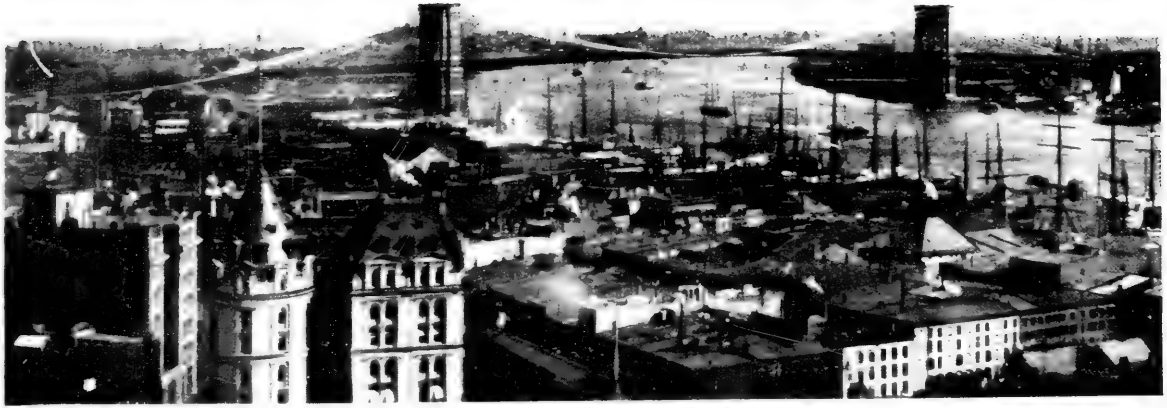
An active, busy hive, and no room for idlers.

G. D. lives some miles out, and we went out there and spent the evening. Left at ten: got to the hotel about eleven. Distances very great.

The cars and overhead railway here are running all night.

When one of the conductors was asked as to this, he said, "New York never sleeps."

In spite of the rain the city has been very busy, but streets wet and uncomfortable.



NEW YORK.

Thursday, 27th October—NEW YORK.

Weather changed for the better.

G. D. called and we took a run round some of the business places—among others, Tiffany's, said to be the first store in the world for gems and articles of vertu. They certainly have a very large and fine collection, but one would require to be a millionaire before he could do much there in the way of buying.

Diamonds 100,000 dollars, or £20,000 each—china plates 200 dollars, or £40 each—these are some of the things we saw and handled.

We went by elevated railway to the North-West limit of the city, past the Central Park, and visited the tomb of General Grant.

It is a massive marble structure, after the style of that of Napoleon, in Paris, but a good deal *after* it.

Later in the day, with Mrs. J. McG., went over to Staten Island, and visited the "Sailors' Snug Harbour," where there are some 900 odds old sailors housed *free*, the funds for which were left by a Mr. Hallam for the purpose.

It is a very wealthy institution, land in New York which belongs to it having immensely increased in value.

The premises are very extensive, and the grounds extend to a good many acres.

Every comfort and almost every luxury

is provided for the residents free of charge.

The dining halls are spacious, and we were told they could accommodate upwards of 700 at one sitting. As some of the 900 are old men, there are, of course, a good many unable to be present at the meals.

They told us how much bread, butter, beef, sugar, &c., is used per day or per week, but as we are not much up in figures, we cannot repeat them, but the quantities were very great, and the men are certainly well fed.

The place is under the charge of an efficient manager, who has a fine house in the grounds, and who is paid a large salary, and there are all the necessary tradespeople in connection, who are also supported.

Besides the home, there are a theatre and a chapel, both of which are beautiful and well-equipped. It was very interesting to see over the place, and good to see that those who had been often tossed upon the wild billows had found at last this "snug harbour."

The benefits are not confined to Americans, as we were taken to see one or two Scotchmen, one of whom, on being asked where he was from, said "A'm frae Dundee."

In the evening dined with J. McG. at a restaurant, and we had a long talk over matters, past, present, and future.

This has been a fine day.

Friday, 28th October—ALBANY.

As the Hudson River day-boat is off for the season, could not sail up the river to Albany.

Left by train at 10.30 a.m., G. D., J. M'G. and wife, seeing us off.

Arrived at Albany at 2.30 p.m.

The line runs up the East bank of the river, and close to it most of the way, and the views were very pretty.

The low hills (some 200 to 300 feet high), or, as they call them, the "palisades," are well covered with trees, and the colours were bright and varied. It is a fine and wide river, and there are numerous towns on both sides, some low down on the margin of the water, and others elevated somewhat up the hill.

Passed "Sing Sing," the state prison of New York.

Albany is rather old-fashioned, and, excepting one or two, the streets are not very wide. There are a few good shops.

There is here a fine Capitol, not long finished, and the style of stairways and carvings are very elaborate. We had a guide who explained everything to *weariness*, and we learnt afterwards the reason for the minuteness of his details—he was paid by time, and the longer he held on to us the more money he got.

He frankly admitted there had been a good deal of dishonesty, or, as he called it.

"a big steal," in the erection of these buildings, but this is not unusual on this side of the water.

Beautiful day—like August.

Saturday, 29th October—BOSTON.

Left Albany at ten a.m., and arrived at Boston at four same afternoon. The country through which we passed was more home-like than much we have seen, but for the absence of hedges to divide the fields, and the prevalence of wooden houses.

There are some good farms on the way, and the houses look rather pretty in their white and coloured paints. A good many of the trees have now assumed their autumn tints, and are gay in all shades from yellow to cinnamon and red, but, in the Eastern portion of the journey, many of them are bare.

There are some biggish cities on the way—Springfield, Worcester, and Framingham. Between twelve and one o'clock passed through a bit of good Scotch scenery—a well-wooded glen with a river running through it.

Arrived at Boston in heavy rain, and were not impressed favourably with our first look of the city. Washington Street is the chief business street, but it is not wide, and it is fearfully busy—in fact, crowded, both by people on foot and vehicles of all sorts, including electric cars,

which, in some places, form almost a continuous stream.

The streets also are very dirty, on account, no doubt, of the weather.

Letters waiting for us at Adam's house informing us that, on account of a variety of circumstances, none of Mr. M'F.'s people can come to spend some days with us in Boston, as they had hoped, so perhaps we may go to Montreal to wind up, and sail from there. Very disappointed.

Weather dull—afterwards, rain.

Sunday, 30th October—BOSTON.

In the forenoon went to the Clarendon Street Baptist Church—a beautiful house. Good attendance and interesting meeting. The preacher evidently a stranger. Afternoon, Trinity Episcopal Church; and, in the evening, Park Street Congregational. All the services were well attended, and in all of them the music was one of the chief features.

The Sunday is pretty well kept here. Shops all shut, except the cafes—at least, a good many of *them* are open—and the cars, although not so numerous, are frequent and well made use of.

The cars are overhead trolley, and in some places go underground, and some distance further on emerge again. This is through a district where there are some fine shops, and a large traffic by the "quality" in carriages.

Rain nearly all the day.

Monday, 31st October—BOSTON.

In the forenoon called at the Dominion Company's office to arrange about passage home. They had no word of the arrival of the s.s. "Dominion" at Montreal, but they had no objection to change, and we decided to go there and sail thence on Saturday, instead of from Boston on Thursday. Got ticket arranged for that purpose.

After having settled this matter, took drives by car round and about the city.

Visited the museum, public library, parks, and Bunker Hill.

There is a great deal to see, and more time would be required to see all.

The museum and library are fine buildings, and they appear to be greatly taken advantage of by the Bostonians.

To-day the streets in the centre of the city are busier than ever, the reason given being that it is "bargain day."

Really they would require wider streets or fewer people here.

This has been a showery day.

Left for Montreal by the C.P.R. at eight p.m., and had a pleasant run. As it was dark all the way and we retired early, there is nothing to describe.

Arrived at Montreal *on* time at 7.45 a.m.

Tuesday, 1st November—MONTREAL.

Arrived at Montreal up to time—fine morning—and walked to 601 Sherbrooke

Street, and were very warmly welcomed. Not having heard, they thought they had seen the last of us, but each and all of the friends were very glad to see us back.

In the forenoon went to the steamer and fixed berth. Got a nice cabin "*solus*" in a good position. Saw the captain and stewards, who all expressed pleasure in that we were returning with their ship.

Called also on Mr. H., Mr. M'K., and Mr. D.

Spent the evening quietly at 601, and had much to talk of regarding our experiences in crossing and re-crossing the continent.

Dull and rainy to-day—very dirty streets.

Wednesday, 2nd November—MONTREAL.

Went about the city and made calls. Feel now quite at home here.

In the evening visited C. M'F. at his house.

This has been a fine day.

Thursday, 3rd November—MONTREAL.

In the forenoon walked with Mrs. L. up the mountain, and visited the cemetery. Everything very pretty and peaceful.

The day was lovely, and the view from the look-out was very fine.

The trees are now nearly all bare. The absence of green in the landscape alters

the view very much, and the houses and other buildings look like pictures without their frames.

Called for Mrs. M'D., the lady with whom James had rooms, and Rev. Mr. H., but found neither of them at home.

A few friends at 601 Sherbrooke Street in the evening—Prof. M., Mr. M'E., Mr. G., Mr. D., Mr. L., and their wives—and spent a pleasant evening. Most of these friends are interested in Scotland, and the conversation turned a good deal towards the old country.

This has been a lovely day—like August.

Friday, 4th November—MONTREAL.

Made a few calls in the forenoon—Mr. H., Mr. D.

Visited Chateau Rameze, a place of great antiquity, where there are many curious articles connected with the ancient history of the province; and the Market—a very busy hive.

It was interesting to see the variety of produce, and some of it in very small quantities, brought in for disposal by the habitants. They don't seem to be very particular as to how they arrange their wares, and some of their eatables were not very inviting.

Mrs. L. called to bid us good-bye, also Mrs. M'D. In the evening, also, C. and his wife.

As the steamer sails at daylight to-morrow, had to be on board to-night, so left Sherbrooke Street at ten o'clock, accompanied by kind farewells and expressions of hope for a safe journey.

Mr. M'F. and C. went with us to the ship.

Another very fine day.

Saturday, 5th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

The s.s. "Dominion" sailed this morning.

We slept so soundly that we did not hear the ship starting.

She had a very rough passage Westward—head winds and heavy seas—but she sets out now in fine weather.

Met the "Manitoban," at eleven a.m., coming up the river, and various other craft during the day, but nothing of special interest.

Reached Quebec at 4.30 p.m., where a few passengers with their baggage came off by tender.

As this vessel is to leave Liverpool for Boston on the 17th, the captain wishes to lose no time, and we hurry on.

Retired early. Quiet night.

This has been a fine day.

Sunday, 6th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

Dull morning. Wind rose as the day advanced, and, in the afternoon and evening, the vessel pitched a good deal.

A number of the passengers have had to succumb.

Met the s.s. "Labrador," making for Montreal.

At 10.30 had service in the saloon, and at 7.30 p.m. in the second cabin—both Episcopal—two clergymen officiating.

Weather cold and dull. Rain during the night.

At noon, had run 242 miles from Quebec.

Monday, 7th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

Dull morning. In the forenoon met the "Irishman" of the same company, making for Montreal. Captain said it had been raining all night. Sea not so rough to-day. Weather dull, and the night starless. Not much motion of the ship.

Fine sunset.

Run to noon to-day, 312 miles.

Tuesday, 8th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

Fine morning—sunshine.

North wind and not much sea—just enough to let one know that he is not on terra-firma.

Fine breeze all day, and three or four sails set.

Captain well pleased with the progress made.

Nothing worthy of note transpired to-day.

Run to noon to-day, 314 miles.

Wednesday, 9th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

Morning dull but dry. Wind still N.-W., and we are scudding along beautifully.

Slight snow showers during the day, but no discomfort.

Ship pitching some, but behaving well, and everything very comfortable.

Fine starry night.

Run to noon to-day, 309 miles.

Thursday, 10th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

Fine morning—sunshine. During the forenoon, slight snow showers and bright sunshine alternately. Games on deck in the afternoon.

Wind still N.-W. till about five, when it veered round to the south, and made a good deal of noise in the rigging. Looked as if the weather was going to be dirty.

The ice among the passengers is beginning to melt, and we are getting to know each other.

Run to noon to-day, 302 miles.

Friday, 11th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

Fine morning. Wind changed to N.-W. again, and we have a strong breeze. Sea somewhat lumpy, but, as wind and water are with us, there is no discomfort, but an easy rise and fall.

We have games on deck to-day—cricket, football, shuffleboard, &c.—and

everyone seems to be enjoying themselves—the captain among the rest.

This evening there was a concert in the second cabin saloon, when the variety was great, and the talent pretty good, Rev. Mr. P. being the moving spirit. A collection was made on behalf of the Liverpool Sailors' Orphanage, and it amounted to £4 odds.

Run to noon to-day, 300 miles.

Saturday, 12th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

Another fine morning—bright sunshine. More like May or June than November.

Steamer passed on the north, going west, at eight a.m.

Sea heavier to-day—a good deal of hill and dale—but the wind is lighter from the west. We had games on deck to-day again.

There was a concert in the first cabin saloon this evening, and we had an exhibition of sleight-of-hand and thought-reading.

Collection again for the Sailors' Orphanage in Liverpool, which amounted to £4 odds.

Run to noon to-day, 296 miles.

Sunday, 13th November—S.S. "DOMINION."

Another very fine morning. The last is to be the best. Very light wind and less sea.

Sighted land on the starboard about twelve, and met a steamer going west at 1.30, but, on account of the distance, did not learn her name. Passed Innistrahull at five p.m., and felt as if now we were about the end of our journey.

This forenoon we had an Episcopal service in the first cabin saloon at 10.30, and, in the evening, another in the second cabin at seven. The officiating clergymen were Messrs. Hooper and Cooke.

Run to noon to-day, 301 miles. Still 263 miles to Liverpool.

Monday, 14th November—LIVERPOOL.

Arrived this morning at nine, and found the weather dull and misty—had to slow coming up the river. The steamer had not been expected till noon, and there was a little delay in getting to the landing-stage.

However, we got there all right. Left the ship on good terms with everybody, got cleared by the custom house officers, and were off.

We have little to add regarding the steamer, and, after further experience, can only reiterate what we said—that she is most comfortable in every respect. The promenade deck being covered, affords good protection in any weather. It is at all times quite available for games or any kind of amusement, and, being lighted by

electricity, can be taken advantage of by night as well as by day.

The men are always obliging, and, under orders from their officers, ever willing to fix up weather sheets on the windward side, and doing all they can for the comfort of the passengers.

We have among the officers and crew every section of the British Isles represented.

The captain himself is a Welshman, that tight little principality. The doctor hails from the "Green Isle," and makes an agreeable companion when he is not consumed by duty, which he seldom appears to be. The engineer is one of the hardy race belonging to the Northern half of the kingdom, and is always ready to escort passengers over his department of the ship, and is never tired in his explanation of the complex machine which drives the great vessel through the water. And the chief steward is a native of the sunny South, where the culinary art is so much studied, and he is always to the fore in his plans for supplying the creature comforts of those under his charge, and we believe neither those who were always able to be at the table, nor those who had to be provided for elsewhere, had any reason to complain of his want of attention—at least, if they did complain, it certainly was without reason.

And the passengers—we had between 30 and 40, being considerably fewer than

we had going out, and the *personnel* was a good deal changed. We had two or three clergymen (Church of England), and a good many men returning from the goldfields in the North, and most of their talk was of pockets, lodes, seams, crushings, and such like, all in connection with their experiences in the Klondyke, or some such locality where they had been seeking for the precious metal.

And now we are in Liverpool.

This is November, and, on nearing the city, it is quite like it. We have it dull and misty, and there had been some coasting accidents during the night.

Called on G. H. S. and spent an hour with him, and then left at eleven o'clock for Manchester. Called on H. J. F. and others, and left for home at 1.50. Had a pleasant run down, and got dropped at Strathbungo at eight.

Friends at home to welcome us, and we had long talks over some of the wonders visited on the other side of the world; but this was only the beginning, and there will be more talks to come.

And now the journey is ended and we are home again to our usual routine. The time, on looking back, is short, but when we think of the distance travelled, the places visited, and the many friends seen, there was a good deal crowded into it.

It almost looks like awakening from a dream, until we refer to our notes and

find it actually recorded that we were at such and such a place, and saw such and such a friend, on a given day.

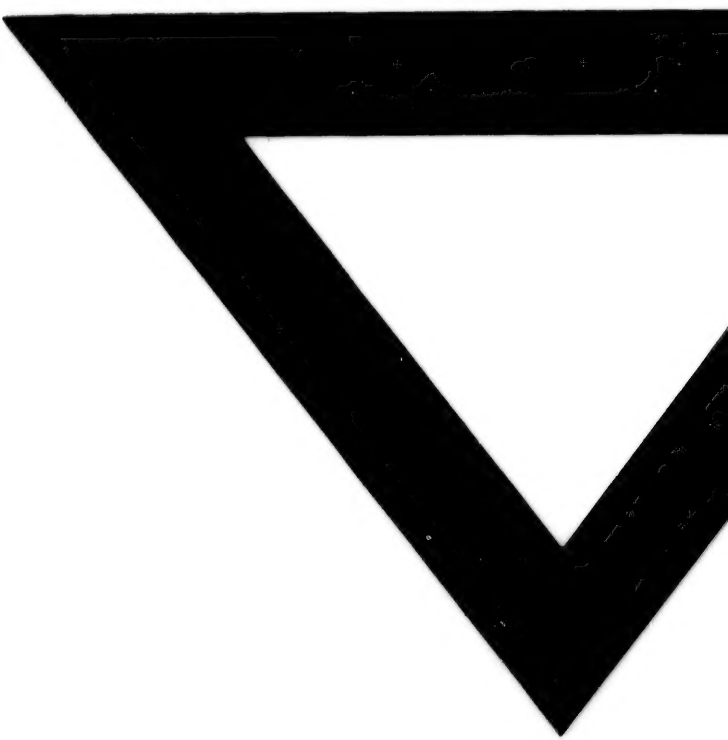
There is much to think about, and the recollection of all we passed through will be with us for many days to come.

The country is certainly extensive, and this is best learnt by travelling over it, and passing days and nights on trains. By the way, we don't think we like the "cars" so well as our own. With us there is more privacy, although, for the long distances, in some respects theirs may perhaps be preferable, but we would like to have more experience before giving a decided opinion.

We certainly saw many things which were new and strange, and it was impressed upon us that no country can claim to have a monopoly of what is always right and best, but, weighing all things together, we came to the conclusion that we would prefer residing in the old country, where, as some say, life is so humdrum, rather than on the other side of the ocean, where a great many things are new, and not always, nor necessarily, better.

LOG OUTWARD.

	N.	W.	Run.	WEATHER.
Aug. 12.	55.36	8.40	252	S. wind. Dull.
,, 13.	56.15	17.34	307	S.-W. Strong.
,, 14.	56.20	26.1	277	N.-W. Overcast.
,, 15.	55.50	35.28	317	S.-W. Dull.
,, 16.	54.18	45.2	336	S.-W. Slight fogs.
,, 17.	52.15	53.40	332	W. Dull and cold.
,, 18.	49.25	60.40	322	W. Clear.
,, 19.	48.40	68.18	330	W. Fine and clear.
,, 20.	Quebec, -		165	W. ,, ,,
,, ,,	Montreal, -		180	W. Slight mists.
			2,818	

LOG HOMEWARD.

	N.	W.	Run.	WEATHER.
Nov. 5.	Quebec, -		180	Fine.
,, 6.	49.12	66.35	242	Frost. S.wind. Cloudy.
,, 7.	50.7	59.24	312	Light W. Overcast.
,, 8.	52.43	52.17	314	Light N. Fine and clear.
,, 9.	54.33	44.10	309	Light N.-W. Overcast.
,, 10.	55.44	35.38	302	Light, variable winds. Snow showers.
,, 11.	56.20	26.45	300	Strong N.-W. Fine and clear.
,, 12.	56.19	17.53	296	Light W. ,, ,,
,, 13.	55.40	8.58	301	Variable winds. ,, ,,
,, 14.	Liverpool, -		263	Fine.
			2,819